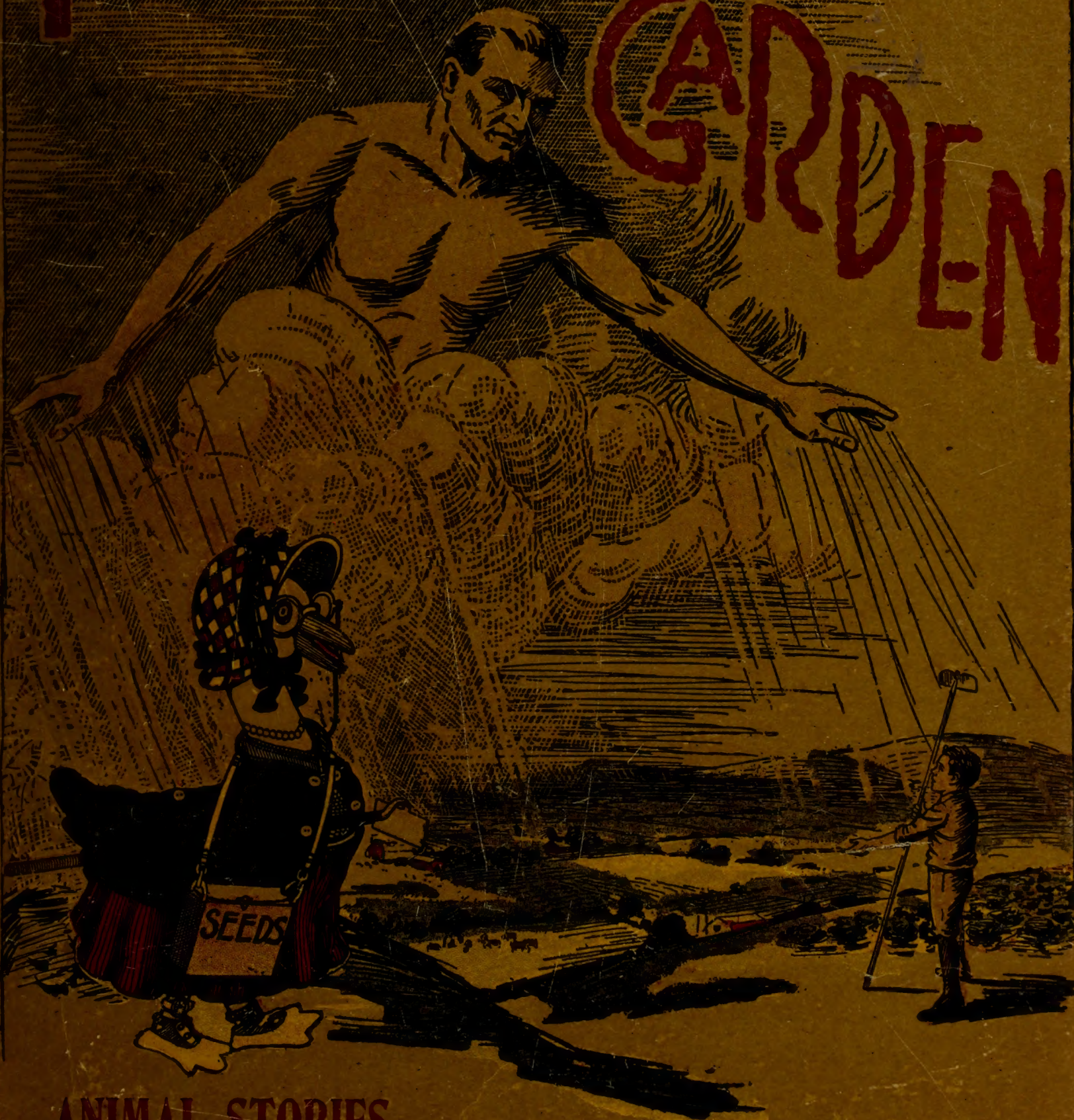


MOTHER GOOSE'S GARDEN



ANIMAL STORIES

CARROLL F. SMYTHE



ANIMAL STORIES

MOTHER GOOSE'S
GARDEN

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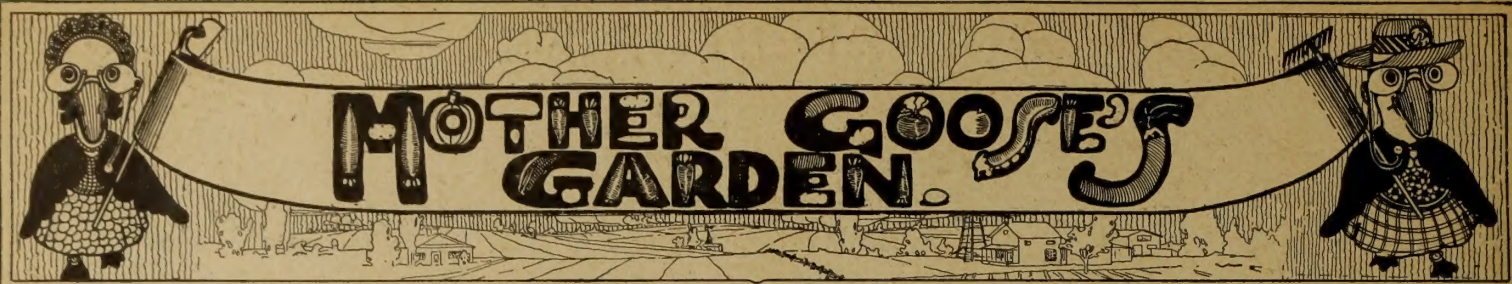
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MOTHER GOOSE

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MR. MUSKRAT'S GREAT-GREAT STORY

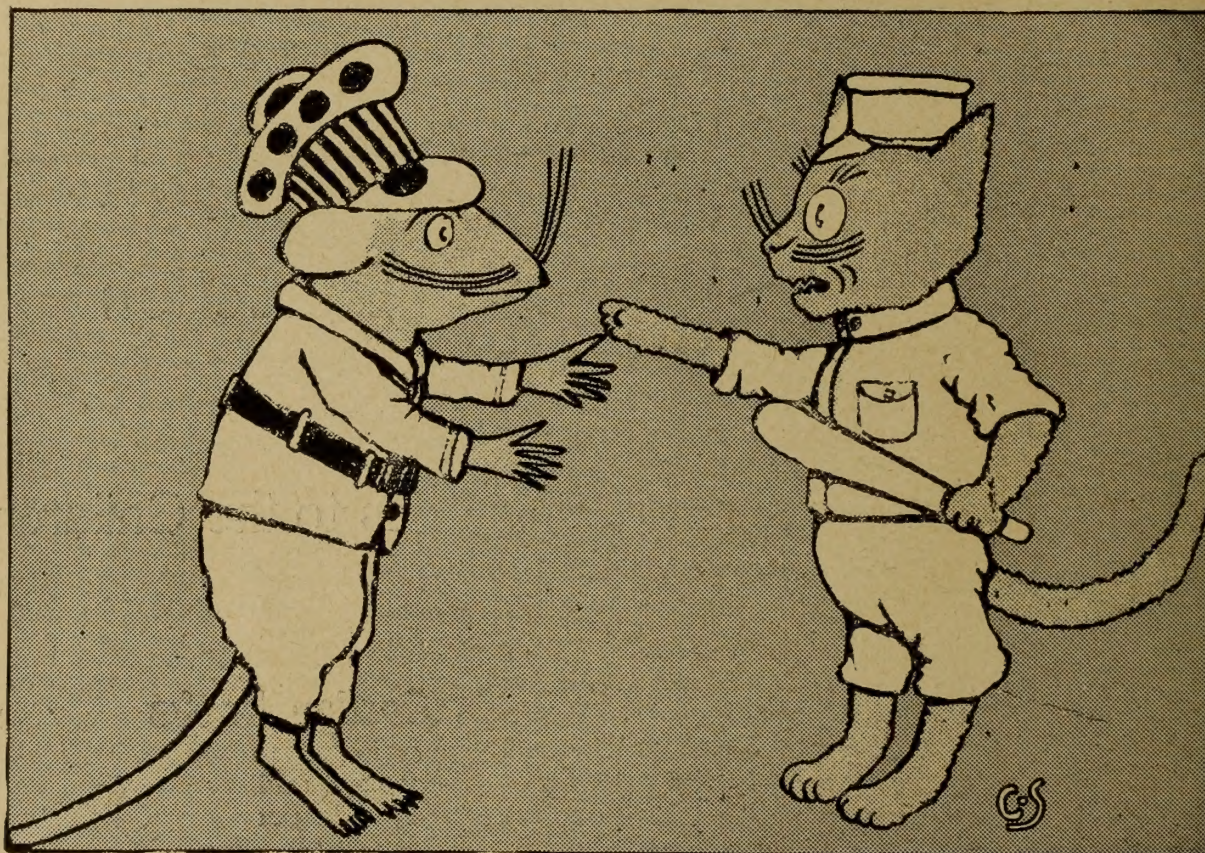
PEOPLE OF THE STORY :

Mr. Muskrat—A Water Rat

Officer Cat—A Food Policeman



ALT!" shouted Officer Cat to Mr. Muskrat. "Who are you and what are you at?" "Please, Officer Cat, don't hit me with that Bat, for I'm not that kind of a Rat. I'm not one of those small, mean, sly, food-stealing pantry Rats. Look me over; I'm a big, kind-hearted, patriotic Water Rat. I give my fur to keep folks warm in many a wintry storm. Look at that; my tail is flat; it steers me straight when I swim a stream. Our King—the King of the Muskrats—over in the State of Dakota, gave his fur to the Red Cross, and it brought in \$165."

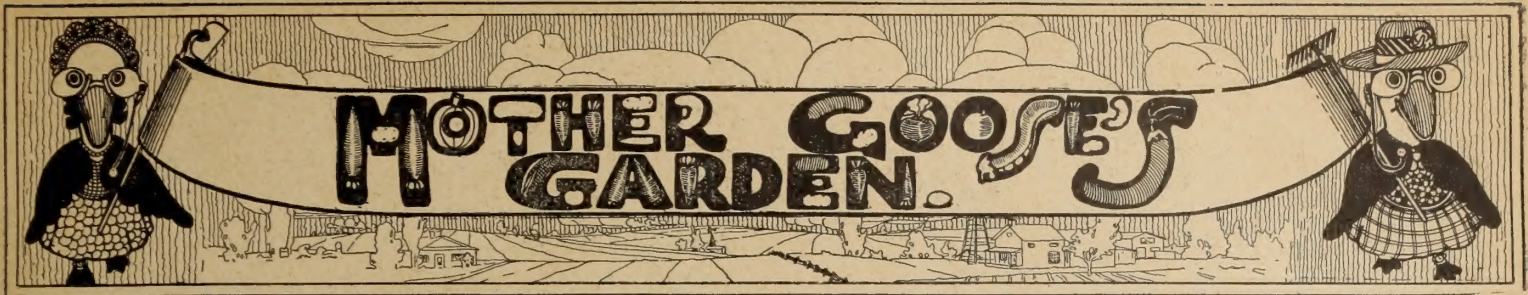


"Very good as fur as it goes," said Officer Cat, with a sly little grin, as he rubbed his chin. "But goodness knows we can't win wars with furry clothes."

"Are you doing anything else for your country?"

"Very, very much," said Mr. Muskrat. "I am with the Muskrat Army fighting the enemy inside his own country."

"Perhaps your don't know, but some years ago a nobleman came to shoot game in Canada. It was long before this awful war, that this big man came from Bohemia, one of the countries we are now fighting. Now the man from Bohemia decided to take back some American muskrats to grow fur for the people of Bohemia. Alas! and alack! When he went back he took with him my great-great-great grandfather muskrat and my great-great-great grandmother muskrat. It was a great-great-great sin, and they worried themselves thin. It was a sad thing



and a bad thing to do—tearing away those poor old muskrats from their homes. And for a great-great-great many years they shed a great-great-great many tears. But at last, for this cruel deed, they were able to punish our enemies great-great-greatly. By the time the war had come, these muskrats from America had grown into a great-great-great army of millions and billions. They fell upon the grain in the fields and the fishes in the ponds. They overran Bohemia and a part of Germany, destroying food that our enemy needs very badly. To-day, in the enemy countries, it keeps a great-great-great number of hungry people busy fighting the great-great-great army of muskrats, that they may save the food.

"That's the way, day after day, I've been doing my bit," concluded Mr. Muskrat.

"It's a new story, and a true story," said Officer Cat, "for in to-day's papers I read of your capers. You're a great-great-great little fellow, with not a sign of a streak of yellow. Fight the foe with your great-great-great eating, and soon we'll give him a great-great-great beating."



THE TALE OF A CURLY TAIL

YOU can't play in my nice mud," said the little white pig to the little black pig.

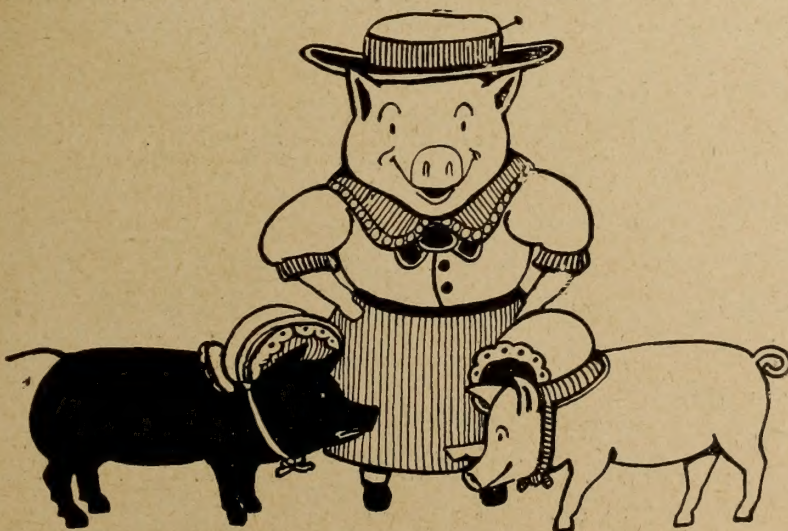
"I'll get some nice mud of my own," replied the little black pig.

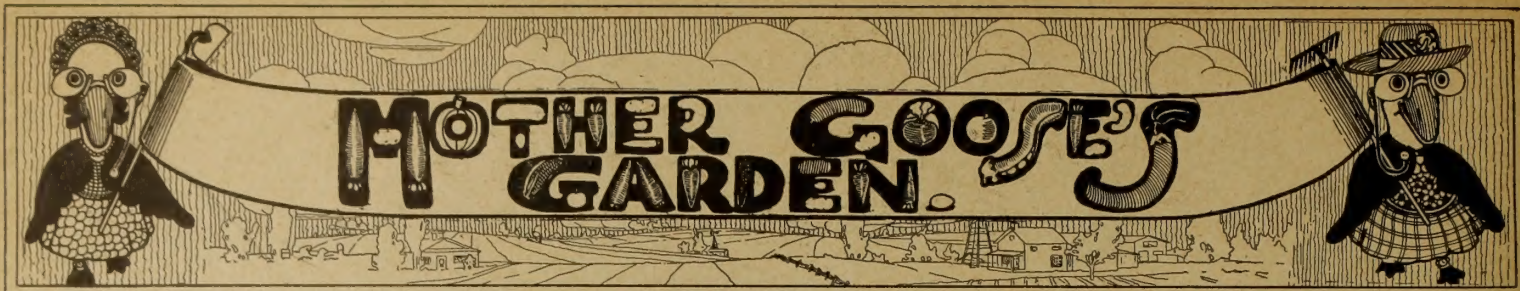
"You haven't got a nice curly tail like mine," said the little white pig.

"Stop! That will do, now," scolded Old Mrs. Pig. "I won't have any more quarrelling. We must all agree and work together to produce bacon.

"And about your curly tail, little white pig. I am not going to get up early every morning and curl your tail with a curling iron any more. It's a waste of time. And besides, this is no time for curly tails, pride, fancy clothes and putting on airs. I want every little pig in this yard to get on working clothes, do no quarrelling and grow as hard and fast as possible into bacon.

"Here's your breakfast," said old Mrs. Pig, returning five minutes later with some corn. "Hurry up and eat it. Children should eat nicely and not make hogs of themselves, but I want you little pigs to eat so that you can make hogs of yourselves. Our country needs bacon."





HONEY BUNNY AND BENNY BUNNY



WHAT do you mean by getting another cabbage-leaf bonnet in war-time?" inquired Benny Bunny. "How much did you pay for it?"

"I got it for only three carrots—marked down from four carrots," replied Honey Bunny, very timidly. "I simply had to have it in order to dress in good taste."

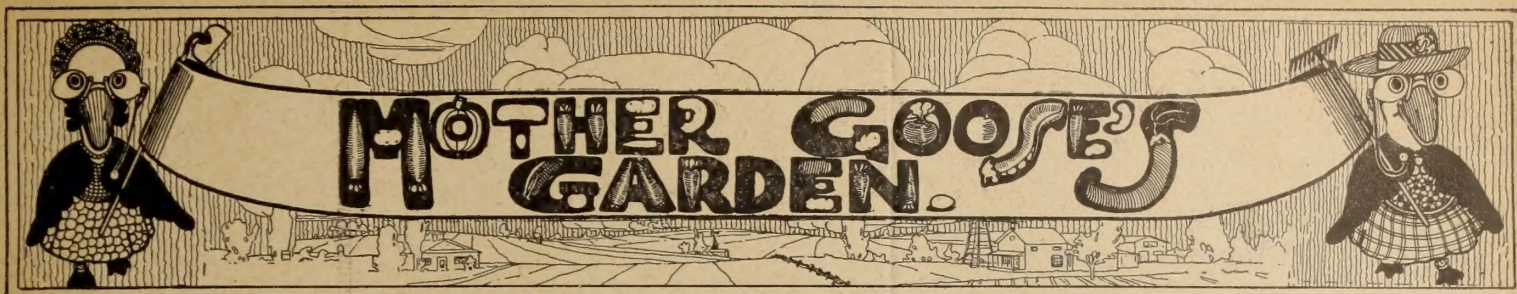
"But you are wearing a new Panama hat," said Honey Bunny.

"Yes," said Benny Bunny, very proudly. "I got my new hat by saving waste. I picked up all the peanut shells I could find; I got some glue—and I made my own hat from them."

"What have you done with the fifty cabbage-leaf bonnets you had in your bonnet box?" asked Benny.

"Well," said Honey Bunny, "Your favorite son, Robbie Rabbit, gave an Easter party. He very foolishly invited Whitey Rabbit and told him to bring his brothers and sisters. Whitey Rabbit came with 300 of them, and we didn't have enough lunch to go round. So Robbie Rabbit went and got all of my cabbage-leaf bonnets—and they ate every one of them up."

"All right, then," said Benny. "But we must save all our carrots. I think we ought to grow our own carrots, instead of taking them out of the children's war gardens. We've got to help the children in their great work of growing food for our nation."



THE HEAD DOG AND ASSISTANT DOG



PLEASE, I want a job," said the Little Dog to the Big Dog at the back door of the Big House.

"I do all the barking here," said the Big Dog. "I don't need any help."

"But I've got to get a job right away," pleaded the little dog. "If I don't get a job the police will get me—and that will be the end of me. They won't allow idlers even among dogs. I hear that they are killing dogs that are of no use to the country. Please let me be your assistant dog."

"What can you do?" inquired the Head Dog in a gentler tone of voice.

"I can do a lot of light barking. I can bark at chickens stealing in the garden. I can bark at cats stealing the milk, and once in a while I think I can save food by catching rats in the cellar. I won't steal any food for myself. I come from a fine, honest family."

"That sounds all right," said the Big Dog. "I look after all the heavy barking myself—such as barking at tramps. Tramps steal a lot of food. I have a good voice for burglars, too."

"Where did you work last?"

"At Stumpy Smith's farm up to last night."

"Do you carry anything to show why you left your last position so suddenly?"

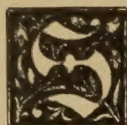
"Yes, sir; I'm carrying my left front paw. Jimmie Smith hit it with a poker, sir, and I had to leave suddenly to save my life, without giving them the usual week's notice, sir."

"Poor little fellow," said the Big Dog, very kindly. "You are hired. I like you because you don't want to be idle. Everybody must do some useful work to help our country. I'll furnish you up some nice dog apartments out in that biscuit box in the yard. Be a good dog, a kind dog, an honest dog and a faithful dog, and we will show them that even a dog can perform some useful service."





FOOD CHAMPIONS



“EE my nice, new medal,” said Mrs. Aggie Cow, proudly, to Mrs. Henrietta Hen.

“Beautiful. Where did you buy it, my dear?” inquired Henrietta Hen.

“Buy it!” snorted Aggie Cow, in disgust. “I didn’t buy it—I won it.”

“Look straight into my two big brown eyes and you’ll see the world’s champion cow from Sacramento, California.”

“Pleased to meet you,” said Henrietta. “Come on over to the coop for lunch, and then tell me how you won that gold medal.”

Seated together at the coop, the cow from California told of her great work to produce food.

“I won this medal as champion cow of the world,” said Aggie, “one month when I produced 1,897 quarts of milk worth \$208.”



“Good work, Aggie,” said Henrietta. “Look me over carefully and you’ll see a shiny little old medal sticking to the chest of the world’s champion hen from Chatham, Canada.”

“How did you win your medal?” asked the champion cow from California.

“By sticking to business,” said the champion hen from Chatham. “Once I turned out 3 eggs in 6 hours; for a while I laid 3 eggs a day; for some time I laid 2 eggs a day; and I would consider myself a shirker if I didn’t lay at least one egg every day.”

“Everybody seems to be making an extra effort this year to produce food,” said the champion cow, as the champion hen came in with lunch on a tray.

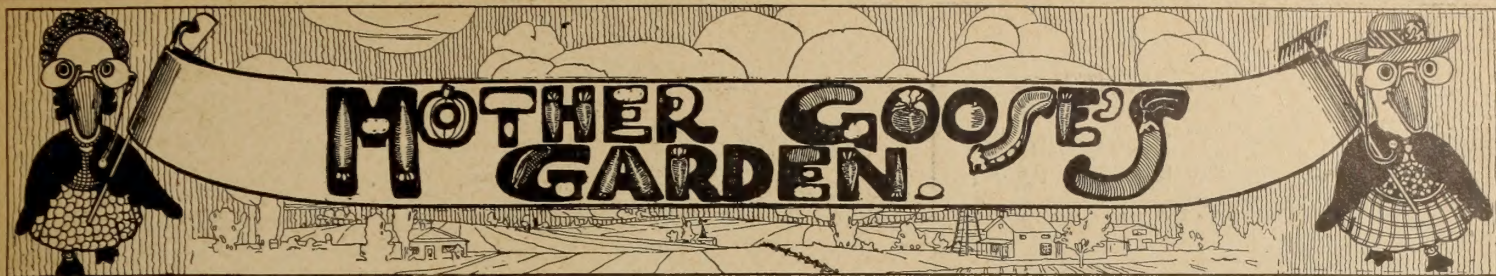
“How do you take your turnips, Aggie?” inquired Henrietta.

“Just raw, please,” replied Aggie.

“And speaking of growing food,” continued Aggie, “we have the world’s champion alligator pear tree out at Whittier, California. It produced 3,000 pears last year.”

“The world’s champion pumpkin came from down near Niagara Falls, Ontario,” remarked Henrietta. “It weighed 84 pounds and measured two feet across.”

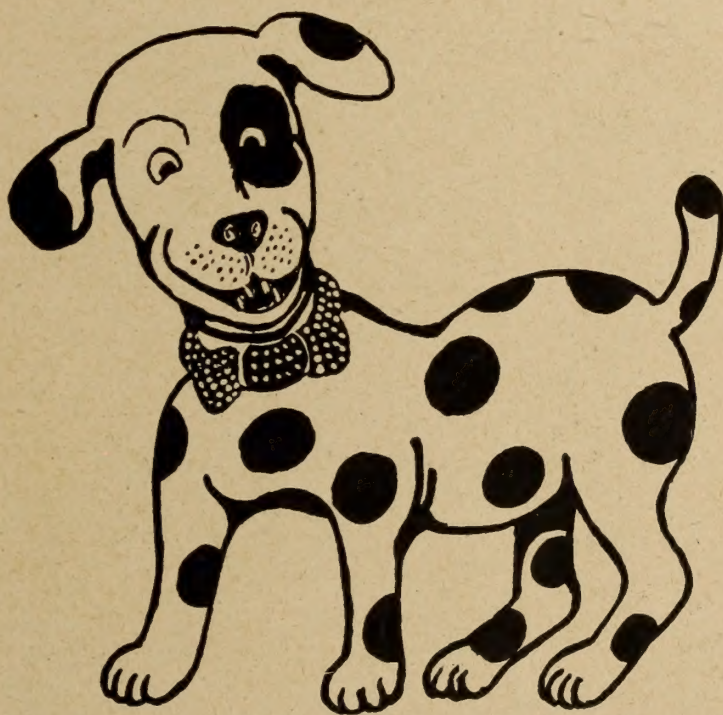
“The soil and the seasons are so good to us everywhere in North America,” concluded Henrietta, “that I expect to hear of many world champions this year among the girls and boys who are working so faithfully to produce food for our armies overseas.”



I AM THE POLKA-DOT PUP

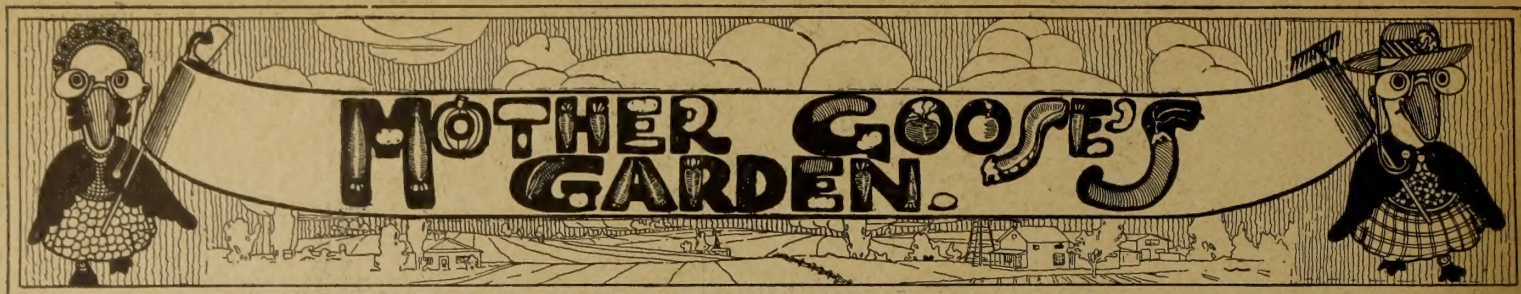


USED to be no good at all to my folks. I didn't do a thing but play, eat and growl a little when I didn't get Saturday afternoon off. Once I tore up Grandpa Jones' Sunday pants, and I found that Aunt Mary Benn's lace curtains made the finest kind of chewing gum. They said if I didn't quit carrying on so they would lock me in a damp cellar and put Pinching Bugs in my moustache.



But I've changed. I'm a pretty useful pup now. I am a Policeman in a garden. My work is to chase away the dishonest old hens who sneak into the garden to steal stuff. These big dots you see on me were painted there to fool the Hens. To-day I am painted up to look like a basket of tomatoes. Once a sly old hen slipped in to steal a tomato. She came up so close that, suddenly—snap ! I gave her the surprise of her young life. To-morrow they are going to paint me up to look like a quart of gooseberries ; then some more sly old hens will get fooled.

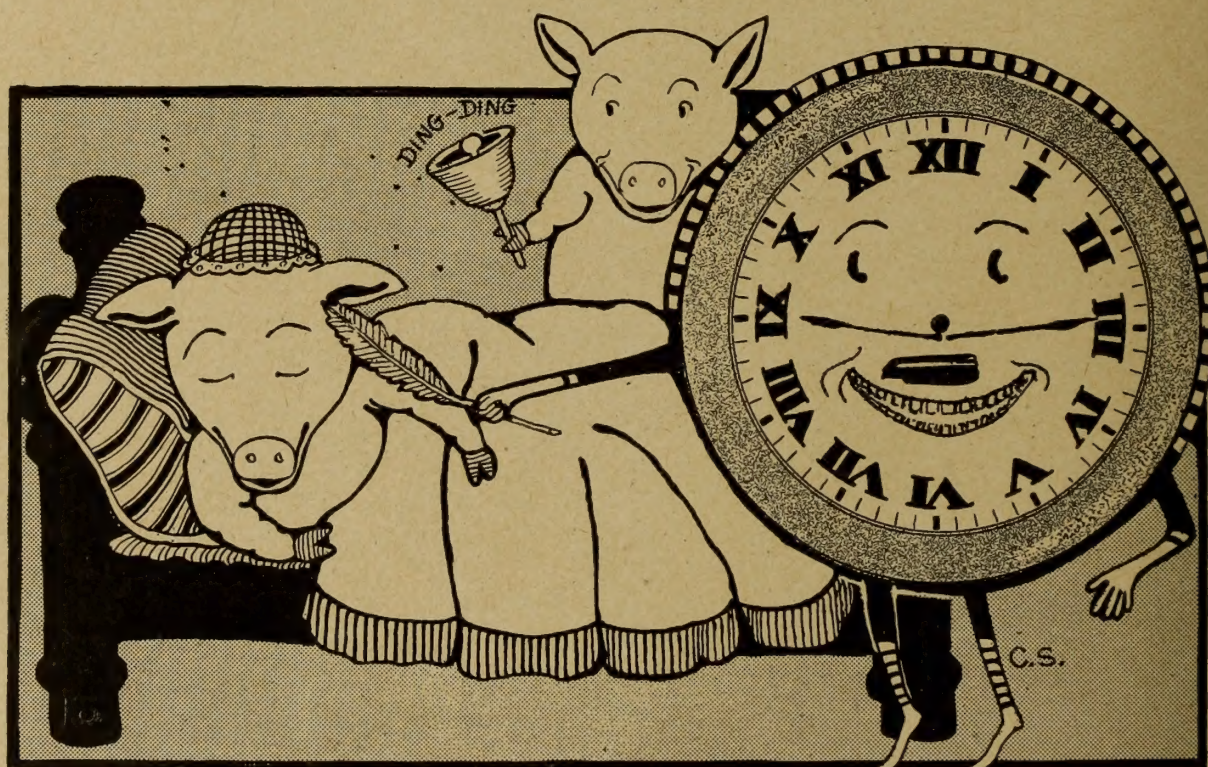
So, children, go ahead and work in your gardens every year. I am here to help save the food you grow. Saving food from being wasted is almost as important as growing food. This is Ham-Bone day, and I feel so strong that I can lick 2 tomato-stealing hens, 3 carrot-grabbing rabbits, 1 goose-eating fox, and about 7 old pinching bugs.



RIP VAN TICKLE, THE SLEEPY PIG

MOT so very long ago a little item appeared in the newspapers, telling the boys and girls that the Sleepiest Pig in the World had been discovered in the little town of Hammond, in the State of Indiana, U.S.A. It was stated that this Pig had gone to sleep weighing 270 pounds and, after a little nap of 8 months, got up weighing only 50 pounds.

Can't you imagine old Mrs. Pig coming into the room of the Sleepy Pig for the two hundred and forty-fourth time, and calling out, "Rip Van Tickle, aren't you going to get up this month. I called you in February, I called again in May, and there you are a-snoring in the same old way !" And Rip Van Tickle snored louder than ever.



Old Mrs. Pig splashed him with a water pail ; she shook his bed, she slapped his head, and pulled his curly tail. And Rip Van Tickle still slept.

She rang the dinner bell to give his appetite a shock, and then she ran to tell the loud-voiced Mr. Clock.

"What can I do for you, my dear Mrs. Pig ?" asked the Alarm Clock when he came.

"Come over to this Sleepy Pig," implored Mrs. Pig. "I want you to alarm him or charm him out of his sleep. He keeps on losing weight, when he's needed for the soldier's plate."

"I'll sound my gong and it won't take long," said Mr. Clock.



"Bring in the school children and we'll show them how badly it fares with idlers who oversleep. I don't like Stick-in-the-Beds. A little less sleep and a little more work every day will be better for all of us."

Clang ! Clangety-Clang ! Clang-Clang ! sounded the alarm on the Clock ; but Rip Van Tickle never moved an eyelid.

"Strange, very strange, that my Alarm don't wake him," said Mr. Clock. "I'll teach him not to waste daylight. Is he a ticklish Pig ?"

"Yes, very," said Mrs. Pig. "He can't wear a collar because it tickles his chin so that he laughs so hard that it knocks his hat off, and the hat falls down and breaks his eye-glasses."

"May I trouble you to go out and get me the seventh green feather from the left side of the brown tail of a red-headed Rooster that crows every morning at 5 o'clock ?" asked Mr. Clock.

"With pleasure," said Mrs. Pig ; and in two minutes she had returned from the yard with a fine, fringy feather.

"Thank you," said Mr. Clock, as he took the feather and tickled, tickled, tickled the left ear of Rip Van Tickle.

In two seconds Rip Van Tickle wiggled his ears, he wiggled his nose and he wiggled his toes. He sneezed and he wheezed. He opened his eyes, he opened his mouth, he wiggled and he giggled, and he said : "I'm awfully tickled to see you all here by my bed."

MR. TOAD GETS HOPPING MAD



"It makes me hopping mad," said Mr. Hop Toad, pointing to the latest photo of the bad Mr. Potato Bug. "That's the spy I'm trying to catch."

"Why, you must be mistaken," said Tilly Humming Bird. "He must be a nice man ; look at his stylish new coat."

"Don't let that fool you," advised Mr. Hop Toad. "Mr. Potato Bug comes round here every year dressed up like a summer boarder. He wears a stylish summer coat with pretty stripes—and do you know that it isn't a coat at all ; it's a flying machine. Yes, Miss Humming Bird, that pretty coat is a pair of wings. He sneaks around here and finds out where the children are planting potatoes. After the potatoes are planted, he hides around until he sees the first young potato plants sticking their heads up above the ground. Then watch his pretty, striped coat. It unfolds and becomes a flying machine. With these hidden wings he flies away and soon returns with a great army of Potato Bugs to devour our potato patches."

"He is such a bad bug that I am having trouble trying to catch him. I am showing his photograph here so that the children will be watching for him. I depend on their help to catch Mr. Bug. We can't have our potatoes destroyed this year, because we need the food. If the children will get their parents to spray the potato vines with a bug mixture we shall have nothing to fear from Mr. Bug."



MR. BUSY BUZZY BEE

I'D like to hire a pint of Bees," said Old Buzz, the Bee, as he stood in front of his Honey Factory. "We've got so much war work here that I can't get enough help."

"Mr. Buzz, how many bees are there in a pint?" asked little Pep Bee.

"Over in England," said Old Buzz, "a man counted a pint of bees; and he said that there were 2,160 bees. I could find work for them all, and more, too," added Old Buzz, with a sigh.

"And to make things worse," continued Old Buzz, "the foreman of my honey factory, Biz Bee, is in the hospital. The other day he lit on a silk rose in a lady's bonnet. He thought that it was a real flower. Before he found out his mistake he had broken his honey grabber.



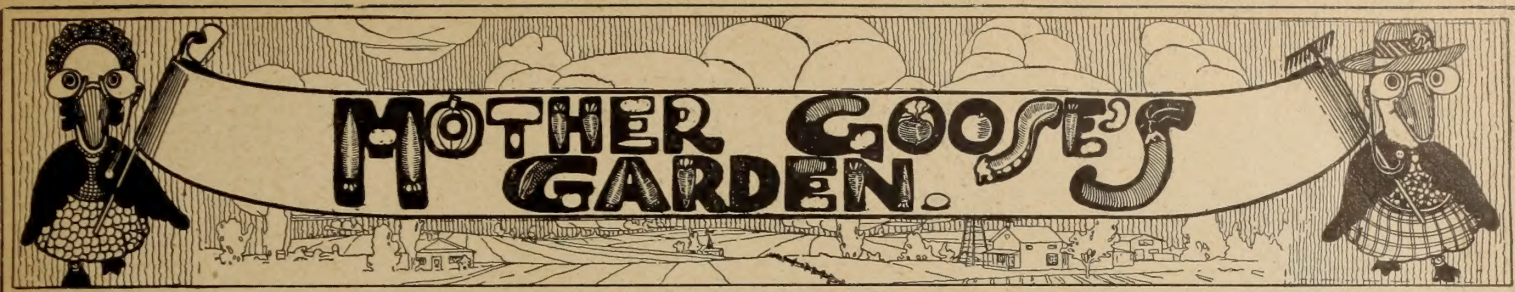
"There is such a shortage of sugar in the world," explained Old Buzz, "that we Bees must produce much more honey. Every bee must be working every minute of the day. We will not have any drones around us."

"Where are you working this afternoon, little Pep Bee?"

"Over in Dorothy Dot's geraniums."

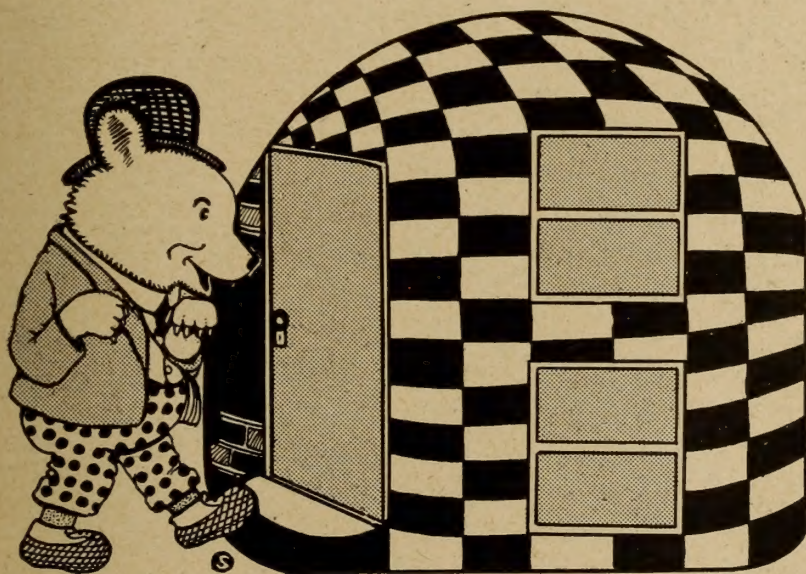
"Well," said Old Buzz, "will you please give Dorothy Dot this little message from the Bees to the children:

"Children, be as busy as bees in your gardens, and remember every day to save sugar for our soldiers overseas. A teaspoonful of sugar saved each day by every child in North America would be in value equal to over 3,000 airplanes for our army.



THE UNBEARABLE BEAR

WOOFY" was a white bear cub, whose mother used to hang her washing out to dry on the North Pole. They called him "Woofy" because all he could say was "Woof! Woof!" The only thing that ever grew in his garden at home were icicles. He would gather these icicles, dip them in molasses and then eat them for candy. A circus man bought Woofy from a little Eskimo called Tippy-Tib. He paid Tippy-Tib ten gum drops for Woofy. Woofy then came down from the ice country to work in a circus and make boys and girls laugh at his antics. But as soon as he got too many good things to eat, he became spoiled, and was a grumbler. He grumbled about his food and he grumbled because his room wasn't cold enough in the winter time. He wanted all of his meals brought to him on a block of ice carried by two seals with red bonnets, purple eyes and yellow aprons. He became such a grumbler that they called him the Unbearable Bear.



"What can I buy you to make you stop grumbling?" asked the Circus Man of Woofy.

"Well," says Woofy, "the one thing that will make me contented is a house of my own, built of ice cream bricks."

"I'll have it built to-morrow," promised the Circus Man.

When Woofy first entered his new house he saw that it was built of chocolate and vanilla

ice cream bricks. He walked right out and he said: "Would you mind tearing the house down and changing the vanilla ice cream bricks for strawberry ice cream bricks?"

The Circus Man was annoyed. He said, "Woofy, that's your last grumble here. To-morrow you go out to a farm and pull turnips."

Out on the farm of Hiram Corntossel Woofy worked so hard pulling turnips that he grew so hungry that he would eat anything put on the table without a grumble. The harder he worked and the less he had, the easier he was to please.

"Children," said Farmer Corntossel, as the village children came in to see Woofy eating his supper. "I want you all to take a lesson from Woofy: Don't grumble in war time. Be thankful for what you get, for the soldiers fighting for you *over there* are getting less and suffering more. Work hard in your gardens, live on plain food and *serve, save and smile.*"



MOTHER GOOSE'S GARDEN.

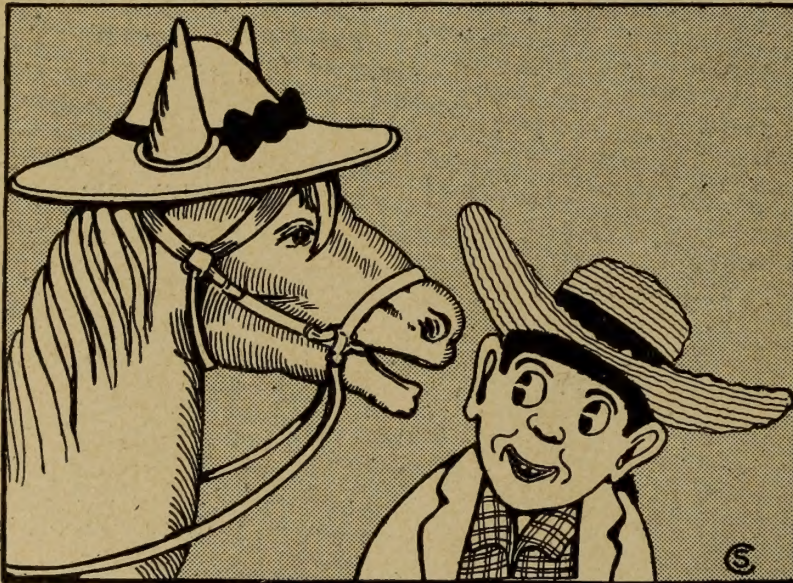


THE PLEA OF THE HORSE



YOU and I are to be comrades on the Farm," said the Wise old Horse to Tommy Timms. "I will pull the plough and draw the wagon while you plant and reap. Every bit of food that goes from the field to the train, to be shipped, I will draw. In order that I may give you my very best efforts, please remember to do these things for me :

"Feed me when I am hungry, water me and give me good care. When my work is finished at the end of each day see that I have a clean, dry stall, large enough for me to rest my weary



bones in comfort. Speak to me with a kind tongue, not with a sharp whip lash. I understand kind words. Do not torture my tender jaw by jerking on the reins. Pat me often and I'll learn to love you. If I fail to respond to your orders, it may not be my will that is at fault. Examine my harness to see that it is not too tight. Look well to my shoes, that I may not be suffering from a sore foot. When I do not eat, examine my teeth for the cause of my pain. Do not check my head up too high. You know yourself how it feels when you wear a stiff, starched, high collar that keeps your

chin in the air. Do not dock my tail, for that is the only weapon I have to fight off armies of flies and mosquitoes.

"Give me an apple occasionally. It will taste as good to me as a dish of ice cream would to you on a hot day.

"And finally, little boy, when I have done my last day's work—when I have reached the end of my usefulness, please do not turn me out to freeze or starve. And don't turn me over to a cruel master. Kill me, then, in the quickest, kindest way, and you will then know that you have done your full duty by your most faithful servant, the Horse."

